
HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD
No 1
PLUS A TALE OF THE STARJAMMERS
MARVEL
CADY • BANDINI • BYRNE • D'AMICO • ARCINIEGA
HEROES REBORN
"THE WORLD OF NO RETURN"

In a world in which the Avengers never existed, the Squadron Supreme of America are and have always been Earth's Mightiest Heroes!

But back when Hyperion was a teenager, he belonged to a different team, one far, far away from America. These are the adventures of...

HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD



Years ago, as part of a good faith agreement with the Shi'ar Empire, Earth's Mightiest Young Hero, Hyperion, was sent to train among the Shi'ar's youngest legion of the Imperial Guard. Under the watchful tutelage of the Imperial Guard's praetor, Gladiator, over months of epic journeys and daring adventures, Hyperion aided the Imperial Guard in protecting the realm and studied the techniques of some of the finest heroes in the cosmos. Along the way, he gained more than mere knowledge or glory.

Hyperion made friends.

Now, having recently triumphed over the Shi'ar Majestor's greatest enemy -- the ruthless Deathbird -- Hyperion finds his journey among the stars at an end. Soon he will return to Earth, rich in experience, but with the greatest friends he's ever known on the other side of the galaxy.

Is it any wonder, then, that our hero would want to hold on a little longer?

ISSUE Nº121

"CODA"

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HEROES REBORN

KEY MEMBERS OF **THE IMPERIAL GUARD**



HYPERION

The last son of a powerful race of Celestials, Hyperion crashed on Earth as an infant, raised as Marcus Milton to defend the values of hope and hard-fought liberty. Sent among the Imperial Guard as a diplomatic gesture, Hyperion became fast friends with his extraterrestrial comrades-in-arms, viewing the stalwart Gladiator as a beloved mentor and even nurturing a tender romance with the telepath known as Oracle.

ABILITIES: Superhuman strength, speed and durability. Capable of releasing his body's stored atomic energy in optic blasts and empowered flight.



GLADIATOR

The finest warrior on his home planet of Strontia, the hero known as Kallark was brought to Chandilar, the Shi'ar throneworld, to lead and train a new generation of Imperial Guard. Taking the name Gladiator, he was a different kind of praetor -- always demanding the best of his comrades, leading them with discipline tempered by understanding. While Manta has always been his star pupil, Gladiator has grown to respect the visiting Hyperion as a near-equal, honored to have a hand in his training.

ABILITIES: A naturally talented fighter, the Gladiator-enhancement program gifted Kallark with superior physical abilities, flight and a host of other powers.



ORACLE

While still mastering her psionic abilities, it was foreseen that Lady Sybil would one day grow to be the most powerful telepath in Shi'ar history, earning her the moniker Oracle. During her cadet training, she and teammate Flashfire were nearly betrothed, but even in Hyperion's short time with the team, the Terran hero has won Oracle's heart.

ABILITIES: Capable of telepathy, mental projection and even limited telekinesis, Oracle is invaluable to the Imperial Guard's command structure.



FLASHFIRE

As a cadet on Chandilar, Grannz was considered an exceptionally gifted soldier. Though his cocky demeanor causes frequent clashes with teammates (and ultimately ended his relationship with Oracle), Flashfire backs up his overconfidence with battle acumen and courage. Despite his displays of open hostility toward Oracle and Hyperion's burgeoning relationship, he recently began a fling of his own with teammate Neutron.

ABILITIES: Capable of generating powerful flashes of light and waves of electricity.



NEUTRON

While this mysterious Stygian was once suspected of treachery, his acts of selfless heroism during the Guard's campaign against Deathbird have crystalized his loyalties. Though he possesses powers to rival even Gladiator, Neutron is quietly amiable and never prone to arrogance. Charismatic and impassive, his attraction to the hotheaded Flashfire is something of a mystery to the rest of the team.

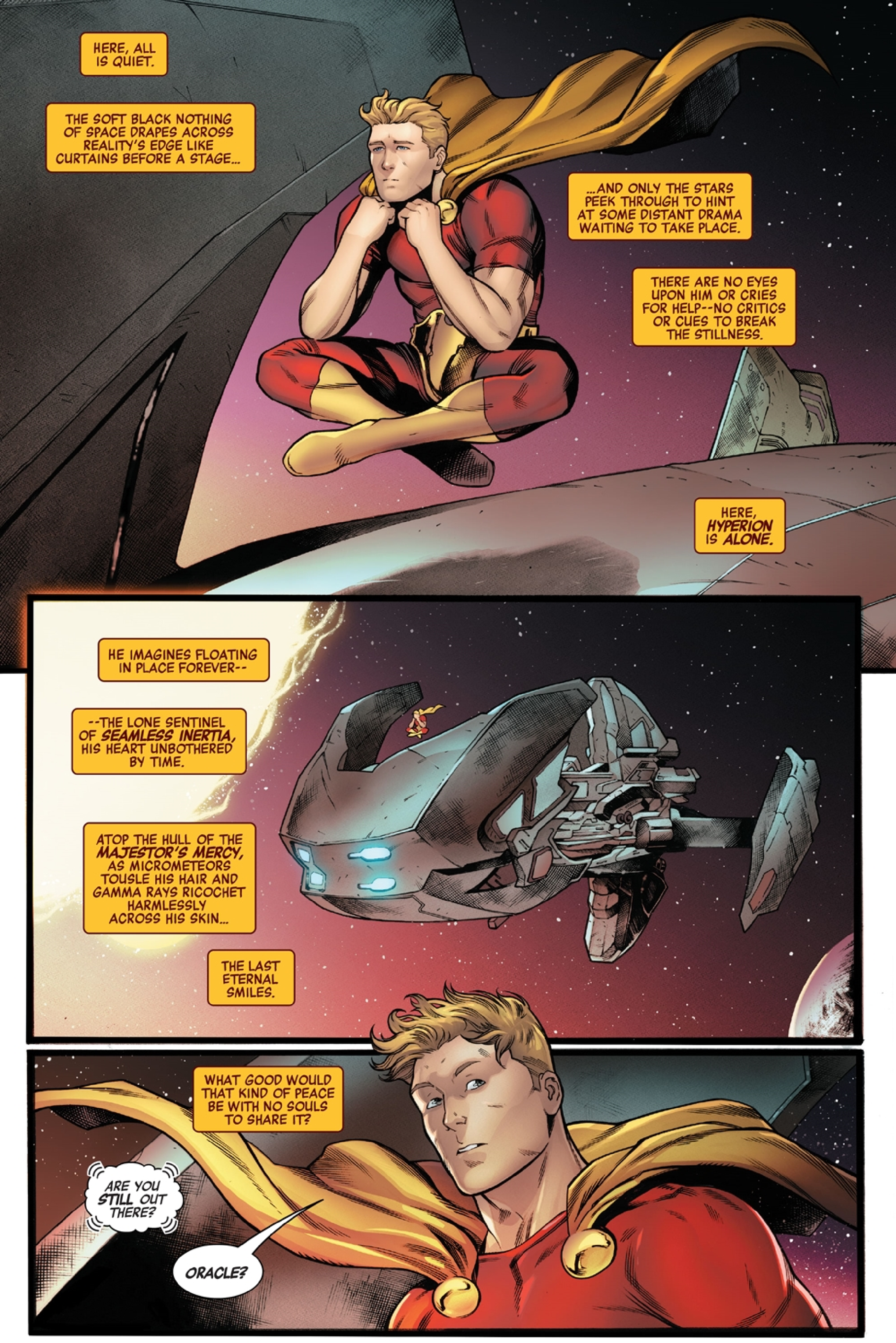
ABILITIES: Neutron's body contains a stabilized black hole, allowing him to adjust his density and gravitational pull, endure intense damage and absorb or release energy blasts at will.



MANTA

While one of the physically weaker members of the Imperial Guard, Manta is easily the most intelligent among them. A tactical genius and brilliant polymath, Gladiator regularly relies on her situational analysis and strategies -- while the rest of the team usually receives little more than an eye-roll from this aloof genius.

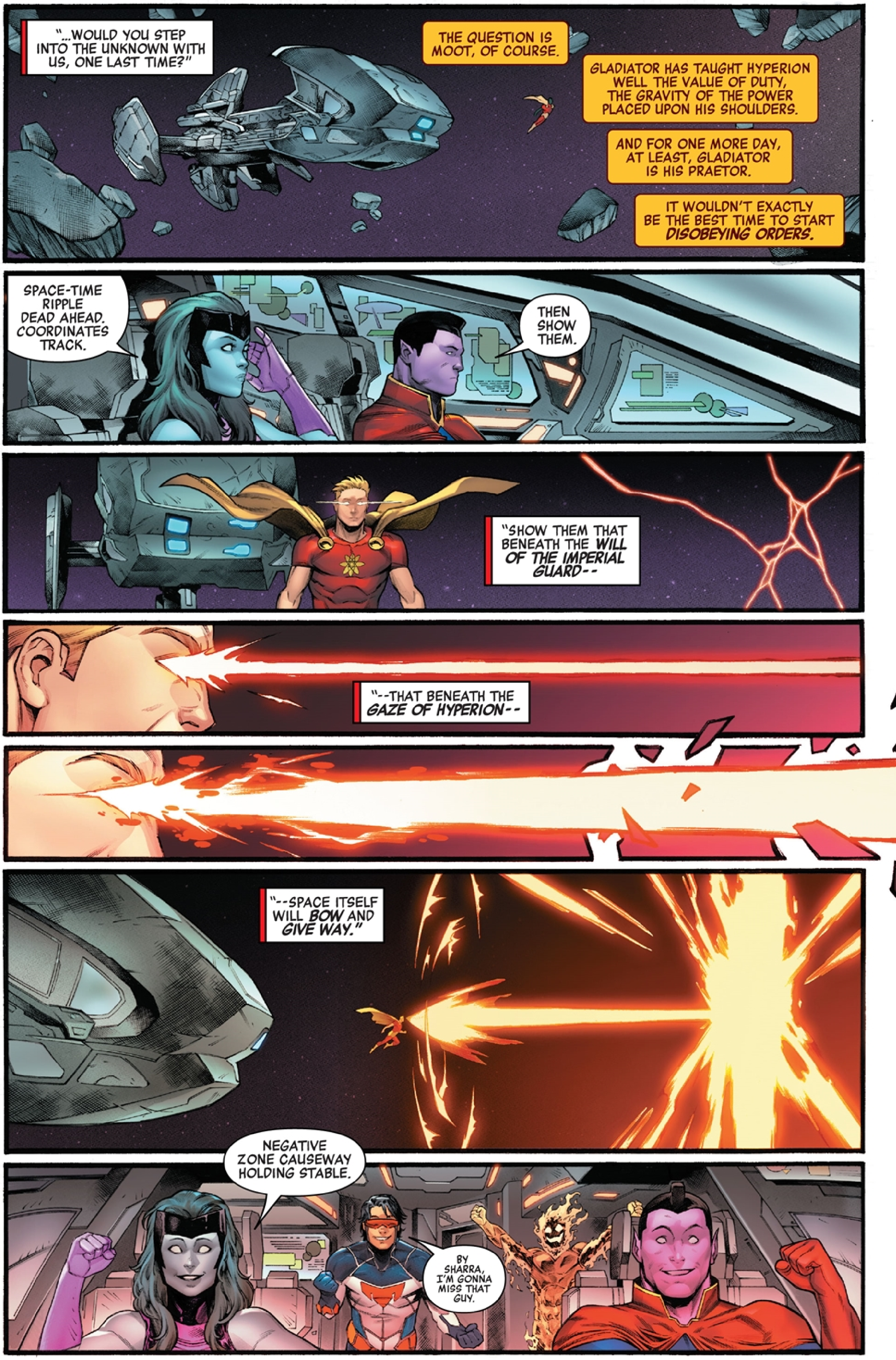
ABILITIES: In addition to her heightened intellect, Manta can visually process infrared and ultraviolet spectrum, and even project rays of blinding, searing light.

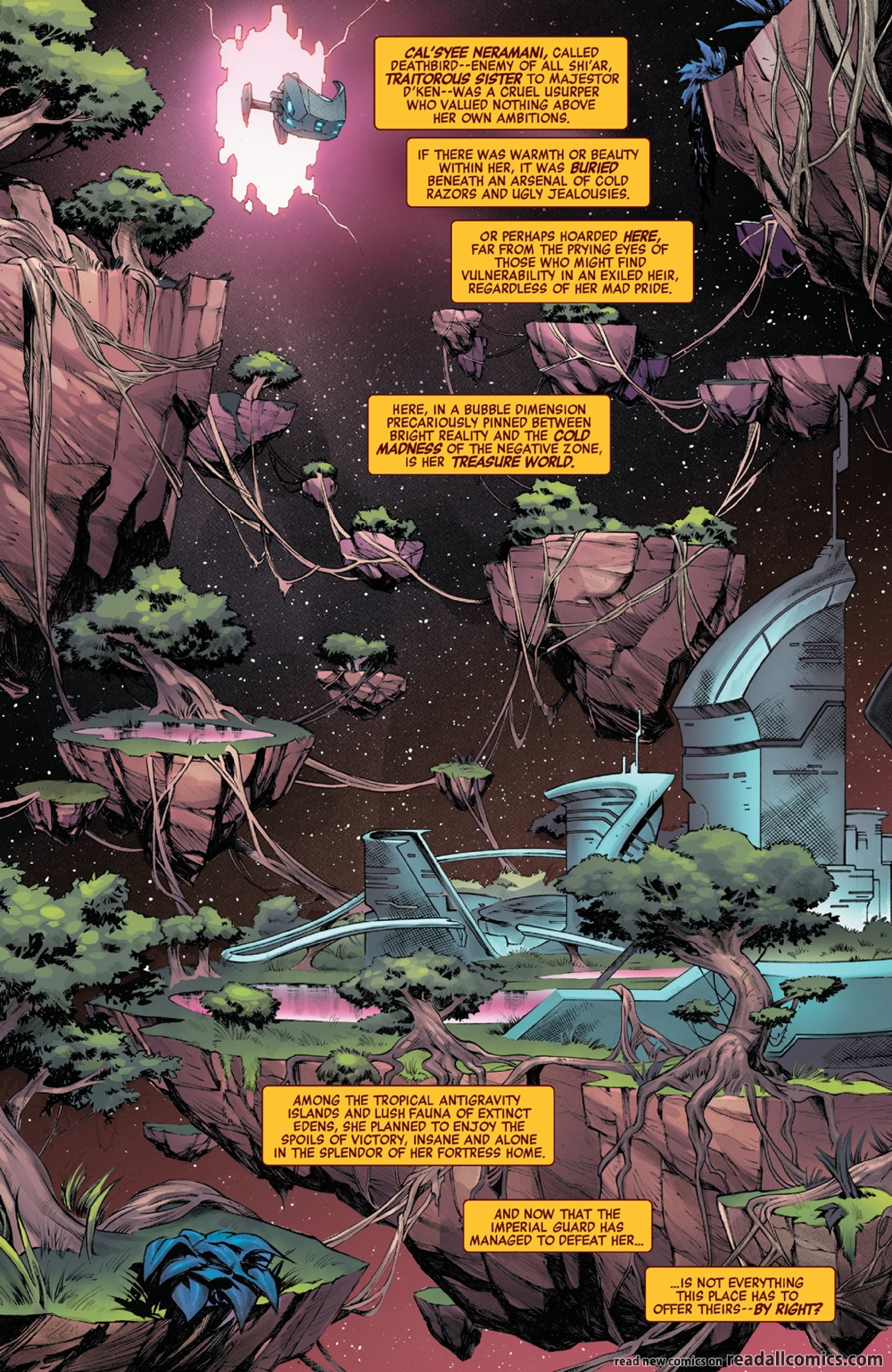

HERE, ALL IS QUIET.
THE SOFT BLACK NOTHING OF SPACE DRAPES ACROSS REALITY'S EDGE LIKE CURTAINS BEFORE A STAGE...
...AND ONLY THE STARS PEEK THROUGH TO HINT AT SOME DISTANT DRAMA WAITING TO TAKE PLACE.
THERE ARE NO EYES UPON HIM OR CRIES FOR HELP--NO CRITICS OR CUES TO BREAK THE STILLNESS.
HERE, ***HYPERION*** IS ***ALONE.***
HE IMAGINES FLOATING IN PLACE FOREVER--
--THE LONE SENTINEL OF ***SEAMLESS INERTIA,*** HIS HEART UNBOTHERED BY TIME.
ATOP THE HULL OF THE ***MAJESTOR'S MERCY,*** AS MICROMETEORS TOUSLE HIS HAIR AND GAMMA RAYS RICOCHET HARMLESSLY ACROSS HIS SKIN...
THE LAST ETERNAL SMILES.
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT KIND OF PEACE BE WITH NO SOULS TO SHARE IT?
ARE YOU ***STILL*** OUT THERE?
ORACLE?


IT'S YOUR LAST DAY ON THIS SHIP, AND YOU WANT TO SPEND IT ALONE?
I WASN'T *REALLY* ALONE...
I COULD FEEL YOU WITH ME.
OPEN THIS AIRLOCK, THEN--
--AND LET ME FEEL YOU TOO.
SYBIL, I...


...OH, HEY, GANG, DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE.
C'MON, ORACLE--SAVE SOME EARTHLING FOR THE REST OF US.
I...HOPE WE AREN'T INTERRUPTING.
THEY'VE HAD THIS WHOLE CYCLE TO BE ALONE!
IF HYPERION'S LEAVING US **TOMORROW,** LET'S MAKE SURE HE NEVER FORGETS **TODAY.**
GOSH, Y'ALL, I...
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE FRIENDS LIKE YOU?
WE'VE TAUGHT EACH OTHER A GREAT DEAL, BUT YOU STILL CLING TO THIS **TERRAN HUMILITY?**
BE **PROUD** OF THE HONOR AND GLORY YOU'VE BROUGHT TO THE IMPERIAL GUARD...
...AS I AM PROUD TO HAVE WORKED SUCH DEEDS AT YOUR SIDE.
I AM PROUD... AND GRATEFUL. BUT I PROMISE NOT TO BRING DOWN THE MOOD OF OUR LAST DAY TOGETHER.
I WON'T FORGET ANY OF YOU TOMORROW--OR A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TOMORROW.
YOU'D BETTER NOT. CLEARING THE **MISSION LOG** DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE DONE WITH US.
ON THAT NOTE... TECHNICALLY, THE MISSION LOG **ISN'T** CLEAR.
AND IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO SEND HIM BACK TO EARTH WITH **ONE LOOSE END** LEFT UNEXPLORED...


"DEATHBIRD IS FINALLY OUT OF THE PICTURE...
"BUT WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE HER HIDDEN KEEP."
MANTA, I HATE TO PULL RANK, BUT AS PRAETOR, IT'D BE MORE PRACTICAL FOR ME TO ASSIGN A CLEANUP CREW TO EXPLORE THAT RUIN...
"...CONSIDERING WHO GAVE US THOSE COORDINATES, AFTER ALL.*
"HYPERION MAY HAVE EARNED US THE STARJAMMERS' RESPECT DURING THAT ACANTI SIEGE, BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE TO TRUST THE WORD OF PIRATES AND ENEMIES OF THE STATE."
*SEE HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD #96-99! -WIL
CORSAIR AND HIS CREW MAY BEAR A GRUDGE AGAINST THE MAJESTOR, BUT I DON'T THINK HE WAS MISLEADING US.
HE HAD NOTHING TO GAIN BY LYING.
DEATHBIRD'S HIDDEN KEEP IS SEALED WITHIN THE NEGATIVE ZONE-- THOSE PIRATES KNEW THE COORDINATES, BUT NOT THE WAY IN.
"BUT HYPERION DOES. REMEMBER WHEN THOSE ROGUE CHITAURI CONSTRUCTED A CROSS-DIMENSIONAL WINDOW?
"HIS ATOMIC VISION WAS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD WELD IT SHUT."
...THESE COORDINATES ARE BETWEEN US AND CHANDILAR. SO WE'RE NOT VIOLATING ORDERS.
AND WE WOULD HAVE AN EASIER TIME SORTING THROUGH DEATHBIRD'S LEFTOVERS THAN THE GENERAL INFANTRY.
WHAT SAY YOU, HYPERION...


"...WOULD YOU STEP INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH US, ONE LAST TIME?"
THE QUESTION IS MOOT, OF COURSE.
GLADIATOR HAS TAUGHT HYPERION WELL THE VALUE OF DUTY, THE GRAVITY OF THE POWER PLACED UPON HIS SHOULDERS.
AND FOR ONE MORE DAY, AT LEAST, GLADIATOR IS HIS PRAETOR.
IT WOULDN'T EXACTLY BE THE BEST TIME TO START *DISOBEYING ORDERS.*
SPACE-TIME RIPPLE DEAD AHEAD. COORDINATES TRACK.
THEN SHOW THEM.
"SHOW THEM THAT BENEATH THE *WILL OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD*--
"--THAT BENEATH THE *GAZE OF HYPERION*--
"--SPACE ITSELF WILL *BOW* AND *GIVE WAY.*"
NEGATIVE ZONE CAUSEWAY HOLDING STABLE.
BY SHARRA, I'M GONNA MISS THAT GUY.


CAL'SYEE NERAMANI, CALLED DEATHBIRD--ENEMY OF ALL SHI'AR, TRAITOROUS SISTER TO MAJESTOR D'KEN--WAS A CRUEL USURPER WHO VALUED NOTHING ABOVE HER OWN AMBITIONS.
IF THERE WAS WARMTH OR BEAUTY WITHIN HER, IT WAS BURIED BENEATH AN ARSENAL OF COLD RAZORS AND UGLY JEALOUSIES.
OR PERHAPS HOARDED HERE, FAR FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THOSE WHO MIGHT FIND VULNERABILITY IN AN EXILED HEIR, REGARDLESS OF HER MAD PRIDE.
HERE, IN A BUBBLE DIMENSION PRECARIOUSLY PINNED BETWEEN BRIGHT REALITY AND THE COLD MADNESS OF THE NEGATIVE ZONE, IS HER TREASURE WORLD.
AMONG THE TROPICAL ANTIGRAVITY ISLANDS AND LUSH FAUNA OF EXTINCT EDENS, SHE PLANNED TO ENJOY THE SPOILS OF VICTORY, INSANE AND ALONE IN THE SPLENDOR OF HER FORTRESS HOME.
AND NOW THAT THE IMPERIAL GUARD HAS MANAGED TO DEFEAT HER...
...IS NOT EVERYTHING THIS PLACE HAS TO OFFER THEIRS--BY RIGHT?

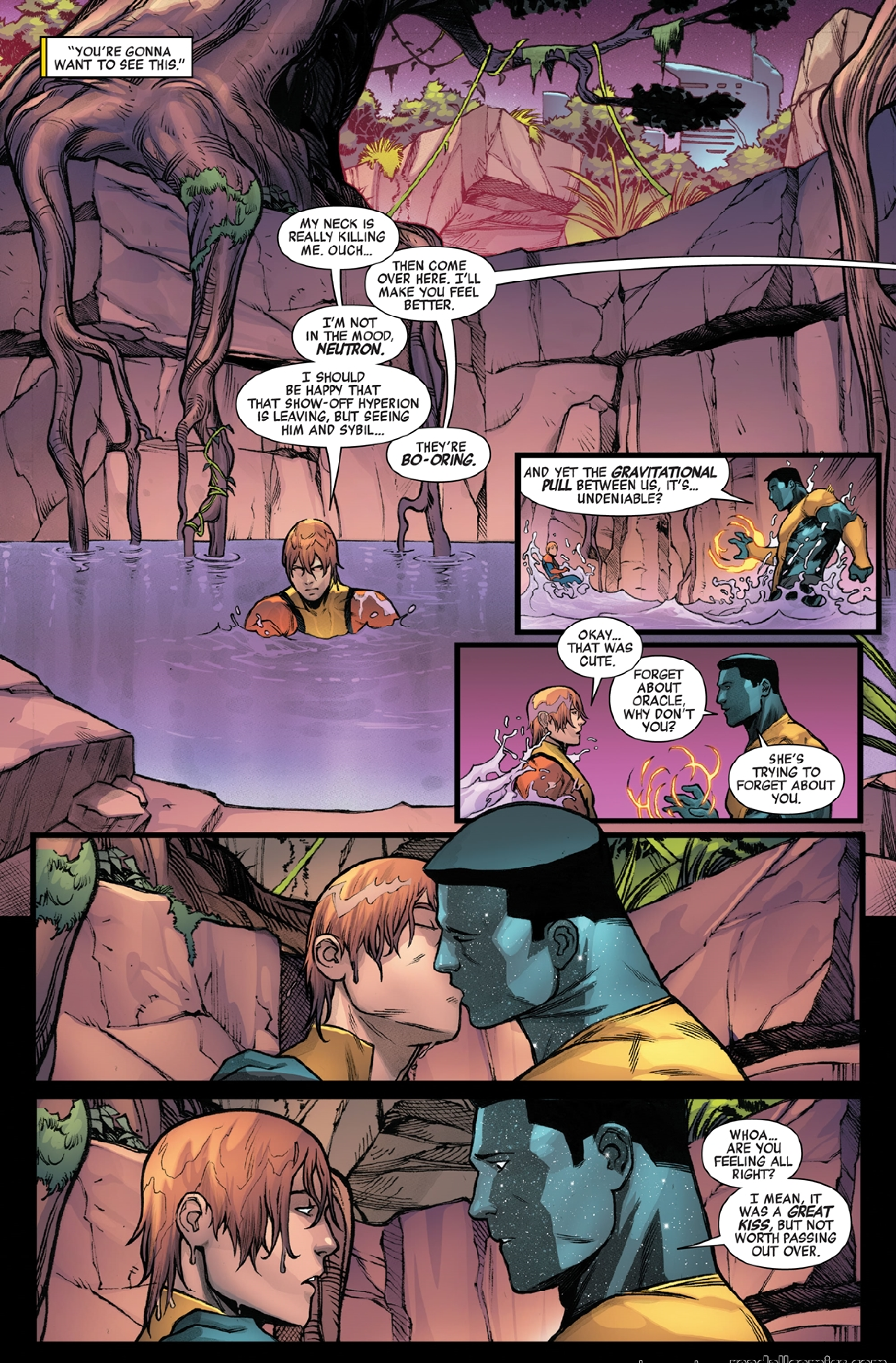

"HEAR ME, IMPERIALS--
THIS IS STILL A MISSION.
"WE ARE HERE TO CLAIM WHATEVER RICHES THAT WITCH HID FROM THE EMPIRE.
"APPRECIATE HER UNDESERVED ABUNDANCE, BUT KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU.
"STICK TOGETHER, AND STAY ON GUARD. DON'T WANDER OFF ALONE."
THAT MEANS YOU, FLASHFIRE!
LAY OFF, WILL YOU--
THUP
OUCH!
KINDA STINGS...
HEY, LET'S GO CHECK OUT THOSE LAGOONS!
BE RIGHT THERE!
...JUST A BUG.



THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING THIS, PRAETOR...
ONE LAST LITTLE ADVENTURE TO HANG ON A LITTLE LONGER.
DOES MY PERMISSION SURPRISE YOU?
EVERY TRUE WARRIOR BEARS THE HEART OF A SENTIMENTALIST.
FEW BONDS RUN DEEPER THAN THE LOVE OF A COMRADE-IN-ARMS.
...THAT WAS KINDA BEAUTIFUL, SIR.
ALMOST FEELS LIKE THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER CAMP--EXCEPT WITH A CREEPY SUPER VILLAIN FORTRESS INSTEAD OF A CABIN.
WHAT AN ODD DAY.
HOW STRANGE THAT OUR MISSION SHOULD END HERE, LIKE THIS.
IT'S NOT OVER YET.
LET THE OTHERS FLOUNDER IN THE LAGOONS LOOKING FOR TREASURE--WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE DEATHBIRD DIDN'T LEAVE US ANY NASTY SURPRISES.
SHARRA GUIDE US THEN. IF THE MONSTER IS GONE, LET ITS LAIR BE UNGUARDED.
HYPE AND I WILL HANG BACK AND CHECK THE PERIMETER THEN, ALL RIGHT?
BE CAREFUL.



THE SHI'AR HAVE NO GREAT LOVE FOR THE ARTS.
ON CHANDILAR, THE SHI'AR THRONEWORLD, PAINTING AND MUSIC ARE THE WORK OF THE DEFECTIVE.
BUT NO LANGUAGE LIVES WITHOUT POETRY.
AND HYPERION HAS FOUND THE BEAUTY THERE--IN THE WORDS OF HIS FRIENDS.
IN THE WORDS OF HIS LOVE.
HAVE YOU DECIDED?
TOMORROW WE RETURN TO THE DIRECT SERVICE OF MAJESTOR D'KEN... AND YOU RETURN TO EARTH.
THE STARS WOULD SPIN US FARTHER APART. WE MIGHT NEVER MEET AGAIN.
AND I HAVE DECIDED...THAT THAT IS A PAIN I CANNOT BEAR.
LET GLADIATOR DEMOTE ME, LET MY PARENTS THREATEN-- BY THE ETERNAL SKY, LET EVEN MAJESTOR D'KEN HIMSELF OBJECT!
WHEN YOU RETURN TO EARTH, YOU WILL NOT DO SO ALONE.
YOURS IS A SOUL WORTH LEAVING HOME FOR, MARCUS MILTON.
HEY, LOVEBIRDS-- YOU FINISHED "CHECKING THE PERIMETER"?
'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO UNLOCK DEATHBIRD'S PERSONAL TERMINAL.


"YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE THIS."
MY NECK IS REALLY KILLING ME. OUCH...
THEN COME OVER HERE. I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD, NEUTRON.
I SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT THAT SHOW-OFF HYPERION IS LEAVING, BUT SEEING HIM AND SYBIL...
THEY'RE BO-ORING.
AND YET THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL BETWEEN US, IT'S... UNDENIABLE?
OKAY... THAT WAS CUTE.
FORGET ABOUT ORACLE, WHY DON'T YOU?
SHE'S TRYING TO FORGET ABOUT YOU.
WHOA... ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT?
I MEAN, IT WAS A GREAT KISS, BUT NOT WORTH PASSING OUT OVER.



JUST... KINDA BURNING...
SINCE THAT **STING.**
LIKE MY MUSCLES ARE... **MELTING...**
HANG ON, LEMME CHECK THE COMMS--
WEIRD. CAN'T REACH THE PRAETOR. THAT BUILDING MUST BE SHIELDED...
HEY. YOU WERE RIGHT, THOUGH.
FORGET ABOUT **HIM.** AND SYBIL, AND MANTA, AND STUPID HYPERION.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST... GET EVERYONE ELSE?
JUST IN CASE THEY'RE GETTING SICK LIKE ME.
WE CAN ALL GET TOGETHER...
...AND FEEL BETTER REAL SOON.


IF THIS WAS DEATHBIRD'S SECRET HIDEAWAY, WHY DOES IT LOOK LIKE NO ONE'S BEEN HERE IN EONS?
PROBABLY BECAUSE WE SPENT THE LAST SEVERAL CYCLES CHASING HER ACROSS THE GALAXY.
BUT MANTA'S ONTO SOMETHING. THE LAB WAS SEALED OFF, PROTECTED. SOME KIND OF QUARANTINE PROTOCOLS...
ACCESS DENIED
FLASH? WHERE'D YOU GET OFF TO?
C-C-COME CLOSER...
DID YOU BRING THE OTHERS?
WE'RE ALL HERE, PAL. COME ON AND--
AAAARGH!
AH! THERE WE ARE. NOW, WHAT SECRETS HAVE YOU...
OH NO. GODS, NO.


THE BROOD? WHAT IS THIS THING?
THE GREATEST THREAT TO SENTIENT LIFE IN THE ENTIRE GALAXY.
SEE? ALREADY DONE...
A PARASITIC HIVEMIND. WE THOUGHT IT EXTINCT.
HUNTING AND EATING AND SWARMING, CONVERTING ALL LIFE TO SERVANT HOSTS OR EGG-LAYING SPAWN...
NEUTRON?
R-RUN...
NOTHING ON COMMS.
IF THEY'VE GOTTEN TO THE REST OF THE GUARD...
IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.
THEN WE HAVE ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION.


PAST A CERTAIN STAGE--A MATTER OF MINUTES, IN SOME CASES--THE INFECTION IS PERMANENT. INCURABLE.
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?!
CARELESS ACTION IS WHAT DREW US HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS. WE CANNOT ALLOW THE BROOD TO ESCAPE THIS PLACE-- NO MATTER WHAT.
WE SHOULD LET ORACLE TRY TO SCAN THE OTHERS, CHECK FOR PANIC OR INVADING MINDS.
THE WALLS HERE SEEM TO BLOCK ME TOO. BUT FROM OUTSIDE...I'M SURE I CAN RECOGNIZE THE TRUE THOUGHTS OF OUR FRIENDS.
I KNOW YOU WILL, SYBIL.
TAKE MY HAND, IT'S NOT OVER YET--
AAAAAAAH!
SPREADAND SPAWNANDHUNTAND HURTANDSPREADAND SPAWNAND--


THEY ARE BROOD!
THEY ARE LOST!
THEY... THEY'RE HERE!
"WE'RE TOO LATE TO SAVE THEM...
"AND WHO WILL SAVE US?"


I AM SORRY, MY FRIEND.
REST IN SHARRA'S ARMS.
GET BACK!
SHOULDN'T WE BE GOING FOR NONLETHAL HERE?!
THE ENEMY WILL NOT HESITATE-- NOR CAN WE.
THE BEST WE CAN DO IS ESCAPE WITHOUT GETTING INFECTED OURSELVES.
HYPERION, BEHIND YOU!
IT DIDN'T WORK!
I FELT THE PARASITE, BUT MY BODY JUST...DESTROYED IT INSTANTANEOUSLY.


THE CONCENTRATION OF ATOMIC ENERGY IN HIS BODY MUST MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR A BROOD EGG TO TAKE HOLD...
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.
IS SHE...?
KRACK
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, PRAETOR?
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.
SO BE IT THEN.
YOUR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE IN VAIN.
THEN RUN, DAMN YOU!
RUN WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
BNG
BNG
BNG
HSSSSS!


"MANTA MIGHT HAVE JUST BOUGHT US ENOUGH TIME TO SAVE THE ENTIRE GALAXY."
IF THESE BROOD GET TO THE MAJESTOR'S MERCY, THEY COULD PILOT IT BACK OUT, SPREAD ACROSS THE STARS--END LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.
BUT EVEN DEATHBIRD--MAD AS SHE WAS TO TRY TO CAPTURE THESE CREATURES--WAS WARY OF THEIR ESCAPE.
MANTA DISCOVERED A FAIL-SAFE IN THIS WORLD'S DESIGN.
THE HIDDEN KEEP SITS LIKE A BUBBLE ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE NEGATIVE ZONE. ANY FORCE STRONG ENOUGH TO GAIN ENTRY IS STRONG ENOUGH TO COLLAPSE IT.
YOU WANT ME TO USE MY ATOMIC VISION TO...POP THE BUBBLE?
EXACTLY. THE OPPOSITE EFFECT YOU USED TO LET US IN.
OUR FRIENDS ARE LOST TO US. THE BROOD MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO RETURN IN THEIR STEAD.
BE SURE TO TIME IT RIGHT, SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE COLLAPSE.
ORACLE...SYBIL. YOU'LL BRING HER...RIGHT BEHIND ME, RIGHT?
SHE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.
THEN YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT'S AT STAKE.
EVERYTHING.



HOW COULD HE KNOW WHAT HE WOULD NEVER DARE SUSPECT?
MANTA'S FINAL WHISPER, BEFORE IT WAS CLEAR THAT ALL HOPE WAS LOST.
I AM SORRY, HYPERION!
BUT SHE IS LOST!
HURRY! I CANNOT HOLD FOR MUCH LONGER!
IT IS HER--OR IT IS EVERYTHING, UNDERSTAND?
MIL... TON...
IF EVER YOU LOVED HER, OR ME--IF THE LIVES OF YOUR COMRADES ARE TO HAVE ANY MEANING--
--YOU MUST CLOSE IT, HYPERION! CLOSE IT NOW!
AAAAAARGGGH!


THE CURTAIN-BARRIER BETWEEN EVERYTHING AND NOTHING TEARS TO SHREDS.
THERE IS A SUDDEN BURST OF LIGHT, LEAVING MARCUS MILTON BLIND, HIS BODY FROZEN IN PLACE.
AND THERE IT IS ONCE MORE, THAT SEAMLESS INERTIA.
TIME STANDS STILL.
HYPERION IMAGINES FLOATING LIKE THIS FOREVER--
--AND THEN TIME BURSTS ITS DAM LIKE A RIVER.
HERE, ALL IS QUIET.
THE SOFT BLACK NOTHING OF SPACE UNFURLS, AND THE SHARDS OF BARREN DEBRIS ALONG WITH IT...
...SAVE THE STONE BENEATH HIS FEET, EVERY ATOM IN CREATION SPINS FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.
SOME FUNDAMENT--SOME PEACE DEEP WITHIN HIS SOUL--ABANDONS HIM.
HERE, HYPERION IS ALONE.
END CODA.

THE IMPERIAL MAILBAG

To whom it may concern,

I must admit I am not certain why HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD is getting an additional issue after #120 -- it's a fine series, but the lighthearted tone has always struck me as outdated. And now I hear that this STARJAMMERS book is taking its place? What about the rumors in last year's *Wizard* magazine that the House of Ideas was bringing back WWII characters, like Captain America? I'd take that over another "teens in space" adventure.

Maybe it was a fine fit for Marvel's lineup a few years ago, but comics are heading in a more mature direction these days. If it were up to me, we'd have a lot more grit and realism and less pandering.

Resignedly,
Jim Zazzle
King of Prussia, PA

Well, Jim, I hope this issue was "gritty" and "realistic" enough for you. I would've been content to leave Hyperion and his friends where the last issue left off, with Deathbird defeated and the future looking bright, but sometimes the story has to go on.

Oh, and as for those rumors--come on. Captain America? Next you'll wanna see them bring back the Human Torch.

Dear Imperial Mailbag,

I have been a faithful reader of this comic since issue #1, but this is my first letter. While I have always loved this series, the recent trend toward realism is testing my faith. It feels like you're trying to write to today's readers without respecting all of us who've been supporting the book since the '80s!

Back in issue #45, Hyperion CLEARLY states that "he feels the power of a thousand dying suns coursing through his veins," but in issue #114, he tells Gladiator that "my body collects cosmic radiation and creates fission to power my abilities." Why are you throwing away years of continuity to sound "cool" and "real"? If I wanted the real world, I would turn on the news.

Please keep comics exciting and fun. I'm seriously considering canceling my subscription.

Curt Waidz
Salt Lake City, UT

I...don't think you'll like this issue very much, Curt, but as Jim Zazzle pointed out above--maybe some comics DO need to be grittier and more realistic! Should Hyperion just always have a great, fun day?

But if you're in the mood for classic cosmic swashbuckling action, hopefully STARJAMMERS will fill the void in your heart!

Dear team,

I've never written a letter like this simply because I've never had the opportunity, but I can't tell you how much it means to me to see Flashfire and Neutron together. Even if no one else on the team gets it, I get it.

Thank you,
Ellie Moon
Brooklyn, NY

P.S. I don't care about the world, I care about Hyperion and Oracle staying together! Tell us there's a way!

Ellie, thank you for writing, and let me say, very genuinely, that I'm glad Flashfire and Neutron's romance had so many earnest fans. It was a joy to show their budding relationship alongside--or in contrast to--Hyperion and Oracle's, and it certainly pained me to kill them all off horribly in this issue.

Maybe in the future another writer will find a way to bring them back! Hope springs...

Dear Editor,

I was walking out of a screening of the brilliant new film *Alien³* (you would be wise to consider publishing some ALIEN comics right away) when I came upon a brand-new storefront dedicated to the sale of special edition single-issue comic books that are guaranteed to go up in value over time--I believe the clerk called them "variants"? Seeing an investment opportunity, I bought two of everything--one to read now and one to flip in the new millennium -- including an edition of the "Death of Hyperion" issue with chromium blood on the cover.

Having been out of the loop in the last few years, where did Hyperion's living costume go? I wish there were compiled editions of all the issues I missed, like a paperback book of comics. Who knows what kind of market there is for that kind of thing.

Until the top creators form their own rival publisher, Make Mine Marvel!

Your loyal reader,
Reese Chobbinson
Queens, NY

I only have one quibble with your letter, Reese, and that's this "variant" business. I don't dislike them, but "investment opportunity"? Come on. You think anybody's gonna be printing or collecting special covers in 2002? But I'd love to see Marvel keep up the licensed comics game. Imagine Hyperion and Ripley teaming up to fight the Brood and Xenomorphs together? Fans will be lining up and down the block.

And we did away with the living costume after Howard's run. Check out issues #56-57 to learn why!

Dear Marvel Bullpen,

I'm writing in support of the upcoming STARJAMMERS series. It's a GREAT idea, and I think it really is going to be Marvel's next big hit! I'd love to see more adventures of Scott and Alex Summers. I'd love a whole series about them stowing away on missions, solving mysteries and more! Go Team Summers!

Signed,
Hepzibah's Chew Toy
Pasadena, CA

P.S. Are there any plans to bring Captain Britain into the book? She's my favorite.

Thanks so much! I think it's going to have something for everyone -- whether you appreciate the Summers Brothers' boy-adventurer hijinks or prefer Hepzibah's...well, your word choice sort of covers that. Ahem. I've been trying to pitch the Bullpen on more space stories for all kinds of readers--and this is why!

And I'm a big fan of Betsy, but she might have her hands full in Otherworld. But maybe if the Starjammers had a way to enter other dimensions...

Okay, thanks for reading HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD. It's been an honor to contribute to--and close out--this wonderful series! I hope you'll follow me over to STARJAMMERS when that launches next month--check out the following preview of #1!

--Ryan

Even though the series is over, we still want to hear from you! Write us at mheroes@marvel.com and mark it "okay to print"--your letter may see print in an upcoming issue of STARJAMMERS!


STARJAMMERS
ABDUCTED BY THE BRUTAL EXTRATERRESTRIALS OF THE SHI'AR EMPIRE, FLUNG FAR FROM HOME AND LEFT TO MOURN LOST LOVED ONES, THE SUMMERS FAMILY ROAMS THE ALIEN STARS IN SEARCH OF GLORY AND FREEDOM!
JOINED IN THEIR COMMANDEERED VESSEL BY RAGTAG REVOLUTIONARIES AND EXTRASTELLAR SCOUNDRELS, THIS CREW OF BUCCANEERS-FOR-HIRE WILL JOIN ANY EXPEDITION THAT PROMISES TO LINE THEIR POCKETS OR PROVOKE THE TYRANNICAL SHI'AR.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE BOLDEST PRIVATEERS IN THE PARSEC, LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE STARJAMMERS!
#1 SPECIAL PREVIEW!
writer RYAN CADY artist STEPHEN BYRNE letterer CORY PETIT



ALEX SUMMERS. 17 YEARS OLD.
DESPERATELY TRYING TO MAKE THE NICKNAME "HAVOK" CATCH ON.
MUTANT ABILITY TO FIRE SUPERHEATED PLASMA.
HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE AIMING!
TWENTY-TWENTY VISION. DUH.
SCOTT SUMMERS. 19 YEARS OLD.
GIFTED YOUNGSTER. REMEDIAL PIRATE.
MUTANT ABILITY TO CHANNEL PURE FORCE ENERGY FROM HIS EYES.
%£#$@£%!
HEY! WHAT THE HELL DID WE SAY?
ROCKET. (NOT A RACCOON.)
DANGEROUS MERCENARY WHO'S PISSED OFF ONE TOO MANY CLIENTS.
NO MORE MUTANT LASER CRAP WITHOUT ADULT SUPERVISION!
I AM GROOT.
YOU TELL 'EM, BIG GUY.
GROOT. (CURRENTLY FLOWERING.)
SENTIENT PLANT LOOKING OUT FOR HIS VERMINOUS BEST FRIEND.


I'M SO SORRY, ROCKET. WE WERE TRAINING AND THINGS JUST GOT--
SCOTT STARTED IT.
WELL, I'M FINISHING IT!
ONE WRONG WINK OR HULA FROM EITHER OF YOU, AND WE'RE ALL FACING EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION.
I WORKED REAL HARD ON THIS LOCALIZED PLASMA REGULATOR, "HAVOK."
IF YOU OVERLOAD IT PLAYING PATTYCAKE--
AWWOOOF AWWOOOF AWWOOOF
I DIDN'T DO IT!
AH, CRAP.
AWWOOOF AWWOOOF AWWOOOF AWWOOOF AWWOOOF
"YOUR DAD IS GONNA BE PISSED."
WHAT IN SAM HILL--
THE PROXIMITY ALARM? NOW?
GRRRRRRRR...
MAJOR CHRISTOPHER "CORSAIR" SUMMERS.
TEST PILOT TURNED SPACE PIRATE. GALAXY'S MOST WANTED.
WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING UP HERE?
BETTER BE AT LEAST A HULL BREACH, BY THE GODS...
OOOF AWWOOOF AWWOOO
NO EXTRAHUMAN HERITAGE OR ABILITIES. (HE'S JUST THAT GOOD.)
HEPZIBAH SUMMERS. MEPHITISOID (FERAL).
ESCAPED SLAVE TURNED ANTI-SHI'AR REVOLUTIONARY.
DESPISES MOST LIFE-FORMS. (HER STUDLY SOULMATE IS A RARE EXCEPTION.)


AWWWOOOP
COMMAND OVERRIDE: MUTE ALL ALARMS.
SCOTT, BRING UP EXTERIOR FEEDS.
UH...IS THAT A NOVA CORPSMAN KNOCKING ON OUR AIRLOCK DOOR?
OH. GREAT. SPACE COPS.
TARGET PRACTICE?
NO.
WITH THEIR IMPERIAL GUARD M.I.A., THE SHI'AR ARE FINALLY OFF OUR BACKS...
LET'S NOT PICK A FIGHT WITH XANDAR BECAUSE WE'RE BORED.
SORRY ABOUT THE, UH, DELAY THERE, OFFICER...
COME ABOARD OUR LAW-ABIDING VESSEL?
LOOK, IT'S ONE GUY. AND IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S GONNA DO ANYTHING.
WHATEVER HE WANTS FROM US, IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING MAJOR.



AHEM. UM. RIGHT...THANK YOU, CITIZENS!
I AM ***CENTURION JONATHAN STORM.***
UNDER NOVA CORPS BYLAW 10000323, I AM HEREBY ***COMMANDEERING*** THIS VESSEL FOR ***EMERGENCY TRANSPORT.***
YOUR COOPERATION IS APPRECIATED.
NLK
TOLD YOU.
SORRY FOR DOUBTING YOU, HONEY.
VMM
VMM
ZZZ ZZZ
VWOOP
VWOOP


LOWER YOUR WEAPONS!
I WILL DEFEND MYSELF!
$&^% THE SPACE POLICE!!!
STAND DOWN!
GROOT! NO!
GRRRRRAAAAAGH!


UNH!
YOU %@&^$--
--YOU HIT MY WIFE!
KA-THOOM
I...AM GROOT.
OH, BUDDY! I WAS SO WORRIED!
...I WOULDA TURNED YOUR CORPSE INTO SUCH A KICKASS WEAPON, THOUGH.
OKAY, COMING ON STRONG WAS THE WRONG APPROACH. THAT'S MY BAD.
BUT IF YOU'LL JUST HEAR ME OUT--
BA-DOOM


"IS THAT...A SHI'AR STRIKE FLEET?"
ATTENTION LAWBREAKING ANARCHISTS.
YOU ARE CURRENTLY HARBORING A CLASS-SEVEN FUGITIVE-- WHICH IS ITSELF A CLASS SIX FELONY.
BY ORDER OF MAJESTOR D'KEN, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO EXECUTION BY PLASMA FIRE.
SCY'AR TAL. DEATH TO TYRANTS.
THEY'RE MY ENEMIES TOO! I CAN HELP IF--
NO. YOU CANNOT HELP.
WHAT YOU CAN DO IS SIT QUIETLY UNTIL WE HAVE TIME TO BRUTALLY AND THOROUGHLY INTERROGATE YOU.
I'M GONNA TRY SOME MANEUVERS.
SCOTT, I NEED YOU ON CO-PILOT.
HEP, DARLING, YOU'RE ON WEAPONS.
REMIND THE SHI'AR HOW WE FEEL ABOUT THEIR LAWS.
KID, LET ME HELP HERE! I'M BEGGING YOU.
AS IF! IT'S YOUR FAULT THEY'RE AFTER US, ISN'T IT?
WHO CARES?! IT'S OUR SHIP THEY'RE SHOOTING AT.
JUST KEEP AN EYE ON BLONDIE HERE, AND TRY NOT TO DIE.
I AM GROOT! I! AM! GROOT!
WHAT? QUIT TALKIN' CRAZY, YA DUMB TREE.


WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?
BECAUSE IF THIS SHIP EXPLODES, I'LL DIE TOO? HURRY--
--TAKE THIS. IT'S NOVA CORPS-EXCLUSIVE WARP ROUTES.
SLIDE IT IN THAT TERMINAL, AND WE'LL LOSE THEM--
"--AS LONG AS THEY DON'T BLOW US APART FIRST!"
NEW COURSE?!
TELL ME YOU DID NOT JUST FALL FOR THE OL' "SECRET WARP ROUTE" TRICK.
NOT A TRICK...JUST DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN.
BUT NOW THAT THE ROUTE IS LOCKED IN...
YOU ALMOST GOT MY SHIP DESTROYED... AND YOU HIT MY WIFE.
YOU OWE ME A LOT MORE THAN EXPLANATIONS, YOU LITTLE BOOTLICKER.



YOU COULD'VE COMMANDEERED ANY CIVILIAN TRANSPORT IN THE SECTOR--
--BUT YOU CHOSE THE STARJAMMER, MISTER FUGITIVE. WHY?
AND WHAT MAKES D'KEN THE MAD SO DETERMINED TO DESTROY SOME RANDOM NOVA NOBODY?
IT WAS NOT CENTURION STORM'S PLAN TO SEEK YOUR ASSISTANCE, PIRATE.
NOR IS IT HIS FAULT THAT MY BROTHER WOULD SCOUR THE STARS SO ZEALOUSLY FOR ONE SOUL.
THE RESPONSIBILITY IS MINE.
LILANDRA NERAMANI, MAJESTRIX-IN-EXILE OF CHANDILAR, TRUE REGENT OF THE SHI'AR EMPIRE.
...JUST LILANDRA FOR OUR PURPOSES, I THINK.
WHAT PURPOSES? WE ALL HATE YOUR BROTHER, BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE US FRIENDS.
I DO NOT REQUIRE YOUR FRIENDSHIP. I REQUIRE YOUR EMPLOYMENT--
--TO RECLAIM MY THRONE.
LADY, HOW THE HELL WOULD WE DO THAT?
WE'RE GOING TO USE THE ONE THING THE SHI'AR FEAR MORE THAN THEIR MAJESTOR.
WE'RE GOING TO CAPTURE THE PHOENIX FORCE.
TO BE CONTINUED IN STARJAMMERS #1
IN STORES JUNE 1992!

HEROES REBORN

CHECKLIST

MAY	JUNE
● HEROES REBORN #1	○ HEROES REBORN #5
● HEROES REBORN #2	○ HEROES REBORN: AMERICAN KNIGHTS #1
● HEROES REBORN: HYPERION & THE IMPERIAL GUARD #1	○ HEROES REBORN: MARVEL DOUBLE ACTION #1
● HEROES REBORN: PETER PARKER, THE AMAZING SHUTTERBUG #1	○ HEROES REBORN #6
○ HEROES REBORN #3	○ HEROES REBORN: NIGHT-GWEN #1
○ HEROES REBORN: MAGNETO & THE MUTANT FORCE #1	○ HEROES REBORN: SQUADRON SAVAGE #1
○ HEROES REBORN #4	○ HEROES REBORN #7
○ HEROES REBORN: SIEGE SOCIETY #1	○ HEROES REBORN: WEAPON X & FINAL FLIGHT #1
○ HEROES REBORN: YOUNG SQUADRON #1	○ HEROES RETURN #1



NEXT:

HEROES REBORN

#3

Chaos magic at Mach 5! Blur, the fastest mortal alive, must win a race through the mind-bending Dread Dimension in order to save his soul from the hypersonic hexes of the Speedster Supreme, the Silver Witch. Plus a backup tale takes us inside the dark secrets of the Ravencroft Asylum and its newest inmate, the Phoenix.

And to find out if Hyperion ever sees his friends in the Imperial Guard again, pick up HEROES REBORN Nº 2, on sale now!